



5-1968

The Lantern Vol. 34, No. 2, May 1968

Thomas Miller
Ursinus College

Lance Diskan
Ursinus College

Gregory Epler
Ursinus College

Gerald Miller
Ursinus College

Timothy C. Coyne
Ursinus College

See next page for additional authors

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Illustration Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Click here to let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Miller, Thomas; Diskan, Lance; Epler, Gregory; Miller, Gerald; Coyne, Timothy C.; Burkhardt, David; Horn, Vicki Van; Erb, L. Barry; Richtmyre, Linda; Negus, Sharyn L.; DiMauro, Linda; Solomon, Howard; Roth, Yolanda; Wright, Margaret S.; Eastburn, George; Norcross, William; March, Lee; MacFarland, Robert; Bald, Barbara Ann; Lysinger, Wilhelmine J.; and Eggleston, Wendie A., "The Lantern Vol. 34, No. 2, May 1968" (1968). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 92.
<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern/92>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Ursinusiana Collection at Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Lantern Literary Magazines by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. For more information, please contact aprock@ursinus.edu.

Authors

Thomas Miller, Lance Diskan, Gregory Epler, Gerald Miller, Timothy C. Coyne, David Burkhardt, Vicki Van Horn, L. Barry Erb, Linda Richtmyre, Sharyn L. Negus, Linda DiMauro, Howard Solomon, Yolanda Roth, Margaret S. Wright, George Eastburn, William Norcross, Lee March, Robert MacFarland, Barbara Ann Bald, Wilhelmine J. Lysinger, and Wendie A. Eggleston



THE LANTERN

MAY 1968

Contents

<i>The Man Without a System</i>	Thomas Miller	1
<i>A Medal for Malcolm</i>	The Ghost of Malcolm Kremser	4
<i>On Hearing That Tonya Will Be Married</i>	Lance Diskan	5
<i>The Black Sea</i>	" "	5
<i>Odyssey '67</i>	" "	6
<i>Second Poem to Chris</i>	" "	7
<i>Singularity</i>	" "	7
<i>Period 5-a began . . .</i>	Gregory Epler	8
<i>long and aching ride</i>	Gerald Miller	11
<i>Souvenirs</i>	Timothy C. Coyne	14
<i>My Eschatological Epitaph</i>	" " "	15
<i>Discotheque</i>	" " "	15
<i>Some Borrowed Words</i>	" " "	16
<i>False Breakthrough</i>	" " "	16
<i>Shore Morning</i>	" " "	17
<i>The Beholder</i>	David Burkhardt	17
<i>Thursday Childless</i>	Vicki Van Horn	18
<i>A Most Prominent Role</i>	" " "	19
<i>It Ran Out . . .</i>	Gentle Soul	19
<i>shades of the living</i>	Gerald Miller	22
<i>The Dark Night of the Mind II</i>	L. Barry Erb	26
<i>One Step Beyond the Doors</i> (or <i>The Big Fool Finally Looks Around</i>)	b. Jefferson e.	26
<i>A note of thanks to my parents and teachers</i>	Linda Richtmyre	28
<i>To a dead hippie</i>	" "	28
<i>A Scrap</i>	" "	28
<i>Haiku I The sweet memories</i>	Sharyn L. Negus	29
II We share the same sun	" " "	29
III By the lamp nightly	" " "	29
IV With purple ribbons	" " "	29
V Alone on the sand	" " "	29
<i>Love</i>	Linda DiMauro	29
<i>Haiku No. 30</i>	Mandrake '69	29
<i>Rachel</i>	W. Eggleston	30
<i>There Is No Present</i>	" "	30
<i>Winter Woods</i>	W. Johanna Lysinger	30
<i>One Hundred Per Cent Genuine</i>	Howard Solomon	31
<i>Heaven</i>	W. Johanna Lysinger	34
<i>Silence Is Like God</i>	Yolanda Roth	34
<i>I soaked up silence . . .</i>	Margaret S. Wright	34

<i>Opened Letter from Whistler Homer, Insaned Assailant</i>	George Eastburn	36
<i>Sol Clutch Rides Tonight</i>	" "	36
I have seen destruction from far-off	Gerald Miller	37
upon that night	" "	37
<i>That's Weird</i>	Aard	38
<i>Alone</i>	Linda DiMauro	38
<i>Kathy's Tune</i>	Howard Solomon	38
<i>On Walking Home</i>	William Norcross	39
<i>The Wheel</i>	" "	39
<i>Some Excuse, at least</i>	Mandrake '69	40
<i>freedom to flap</i>	Linda DiMauro	40
<i>Awareness</i>	Lee March	41
Okay, you guys . . .	Barbara Bald	41
you say you dream	" "	42
<i>Bacci Mia</i>	" "	42
<i>The Varieties of Religious Experience</i> - -		
a photographic essay	Lance Diskan	
drawings	Robert MacFarland	
cover design	Linda Richtmyre	

Foreword

smalch being the unlimited aim of socially interpersonal duplex relationships, aboveboard and on target in the middle of a sandbar on waves of bourbon, we as editors of *The Lantern* feel and perspire amidst elfin intangibles, giraffes, and tool boxes.

thus, rather than rectifying holy-hanna discombobulated nonsense into chaotic crapchuckle, we as editors of *The Lantern* permit anything to appear or disappear before your very eyes in the split of a second.

piety and all kidding aside, without aftereffects, side effects, and all effects, we hereby decree that G. M. and B. B., our eminent successors, carry on our nonexistent policies, despite socio-politico calamities and snurds.

furthermore, we wish the best to malice and circumstance as it presently cohabits U. C.; would that the future will bring more chicanery to this, the humble abode of the everlasting "no." Arouse bananas; you have nothing to lose but your skins.

Thomas Miller

L. Barry Erb

(prophets, seers, and
rebelators to the entire
human race, with the pos-
sible exception of the
Mormons)

The Man Without a System

That I should sit with a blank sheet of paper before me seems to be the story of my life as a student. Such is the case now when I think of what I have learned. Were I a mystic, I might take this as a sign that education possesses some sort of ineffable quality. But I suppose "ineffable" is merely a word used to describe states of dire intellectual bewilderment. It is perhaps tantamount to saying "I give up." When succinct analysis becomes a chore, I am, of course, tempted to plunge into murky realms; I am tempted to take on the language of the mystic, the obscurantist, or the romantic poet. The escapist in me urges me on, but the empiricist in me calls me back. That this struggle between my desire for escape and my desire for learning should at times result in intellectual stagnation does not surprise me. And I have become accustomed to staring at blank pages. Education is a sort of dead end. One thinks, and thinks, and thinks, only to find that thinking is its own worst enemy, that there is a counter to every argument, an answer to every answer, a proposition to negate every proposition. One thinks only to arrive at doubt.

If I should maintain that truth is what I sense, I am left wondering what it is I sense. If I should maintain that truth is what I feel, I am left wondering whether or not my feelings are more reliable than the feelings of others. And if I should maintain that there is no truth at all, I am left wondering why I think, write, wonder, exist. The existentialist will laugh at me, noting my despair. Here I am, a fact-oriented person who despises facts, a philosopher who despairs of philosophy, a more or less systematic writer who disavows all system. Here I am, surrounded by a contemporary, non-mystical "cloud of unknowing." What to do, or even what to say, becomes a problem. So much I can change, and the rest is chance. So much I can love, and the rest is indifference. So much I can care, and the rest is doubt.

In an arbitrary system one could reach conclusions with ease. One might even achieve a sense of accomplishment, a pride in his work. But in devising a system of mathematics or logic, one accepts something as certain to begin with in order to arrive at certainty in the end. Develop all the mathematical and logical systems you like, you are still left with life. You have a world that begs to be understood. You have other people, some of whom accept your system, some of whom reject it. Pity the man so involved with numbers and rules that he forgets what it is to doubt. Certainty, though often pleasing, is cold. A computer can be certain. It takes a man to doubt.

Perhaps the most praiseworthy aspect of contemporary philosophy is its denial of system. The philosopher has awakened from a long and peaceful sleep, the nineteenth century. He is restless and very much alive. Finally he sees that there is a world apart from the self about which he can only hypothesize. Finally he sees that there is a world within the self which must remain a mystery. We are now concerned with empirical fact, libidinal drives, and linguistic nuances at one and the same time. And as the Skinnerian, the Freudian, and the linguistic

analyst make their succinct and highly specialized truth claims, we are left in abeyance, thinking in one way, then the next, but doing very little. "Let's see, shall I be a scientist, a socialist, or a psychoanalyst today?" The confusion has forced some to the irrationalist position of Camus *et al.* But irrationalism, like nihilism or mysticism, is a dead-end philosophy. While it distrusts reason, it also distrusts life. I question Camus' sobriety, his grandiose indifference, his negativistic view of passion. There is a beauty in passion; it is not always self-destructive.

The world is about due for a new hedonism, an honest, rational hedonism, perhaps a resurgence of the glory that was utilitarianism. Whereas philosophical inquiry ultimately leads to uncertainty, the only thing left is to enjoy life as much as possible, and to do so without seriously injuring the enjoyment of others. One must seek pleasure in the company of others. We have all sorts of deceptive words which seem to work for us. We call loneliness "freedom." We call foolish pride "self-respect." We call the man alone by himself an "individualist." Idle words which perpetuate idle philosophies! I suggest we stop turning to concepts which have been gathering dust in the corners of men's minds for ages. I suggest we turn to one another instead. Such is the essence of the new hedonism I affirm. The man without a system is the skeptical, but rational hedonist. He is a man who needs others much more than he needs a creed. He is a man who seeks pleasure because he has despaired of seeking the truth.

Anyone who has been exposed to the marathon euphemistically termed "a liberal education" will recognize the feeling. One's intellectual endeavors have a tendency to become less and less an integral part of life. Keynes' theories are fine, but what really matters is that coffee went from 5c a cup to 10c a cup this year. Freud is fun to toy around with, but you had better not mention infantile sexuality to your mother-in-law. Igneous and sedimentary rocks have their differences, but in the middle of a race riot one can go through a window as easily as the next. There is the idea, and a justifiable idea it is, that theories are theories and facts are facts. I am reminded of Brian Higgins' poem "A Scholar's Obituary":

Where some lived it up, he lived it down
With a serious wink and a serious frown.
His brain was a litter of broken stands
But the ultimate issues were out of his hands.
His coffin was narrow, his views were wide,
He didn't live much — but he certainly died.

Scholars have considered it their task to provide answers, to draw up hypotheses, to devise systems, in other words, to build an attractive facade for their uncertainties. But the man without a system, while seeking clarity rather than certainty, is forced to conclude in very clear terms that life is a confusing business. On the one hand, there is the practical need for systematization, for order, while, on the other hand, there is the realization the systems limit and inhibit. Systematization entails the identification of causes and effects. But how does one

distinguish cause from coincidence? How does one distinguish effect from happenstance? Perhaps we are living in the throes of chance, all of us, and we pretend that it is order.

There is a vast difference between analysis and theorization. When one says that the verb "to be" is irregular in most European languages, he is analyzing. But when one says that a certain white rat turns left in a T-maze because of positive reinforcement, he is theorizing. When the religionist asserts the "inspiration" of scripture, remind him of logic. When the chemist refers to atomic theory, remind him of empiricism. In any case, beware of the crusader, the propagandist, the missionary, the evangelist; he is the enemy of life. In order to dispel doubt, he ignores it. In order to disavow skepticism, he attacks the skeptic *ad hominem*. In order to avoid hedonism, he invents false moralities, rituals, and rites. Beware of the crusader whether he be a scientist or theologian.

In the past I set out in many different directions trying to formulate a theory that would hold together, something clear, orderly, something with a sort of logic to it. In fact, the thought occurred to me that I might even hit upon something unassailable. Wishful thinking is what it was, for I have found no such theory. My attempts at systematization have failed. Today I am left with a position which is no real position at all. It is an unpredictable, ever-changing, in part, inexplicable position. I am left to questioning everyone, everything, but most of all myself. I am left with dozens of problems, presumably insoluble. Having been pointed in so many directions by so many people, having been exposed to so many different systems of thought, I have only to conclude that there is no one direction in which to go. There is no one truth, no one certainty, no one happiness, no one way of living. So it is I keep looking, studying, satirizing, plodding along across the vast expanse of mildly pleasing chaos we call life. I am a man without a system. I have no creed, no final truth, no ultimate, no absolute, no God.

It seems as though I have rambled on only to arrive at where I started. I said that to end with certainty one must start with certainty, mathematical or logical axioms, for instance. Perhaps I should add that to end with confusion one need only begin with confusion. I am aware, as are my critics, that much of what I have said is oversimplification. I am aware that words like "thinking," "living," "doubting," "system," and "order" mean many things to many men. I am also aware that what I say today I may reject tomorrow. Thoughts come and go. Doubts come and go as well. If you should accept this, my autobiographical rendering of philosophy, all well and good. But if you should reject it, I would not be surprised. "So what does it matter," you ask. "Today he despairs of truth and values doubt. Tomorrow he despairs of doubt and values truth. That's the way these young radicals are." Yes, that is the way we are. We think too much and do not live enough.

A Medal for Malcolm

Rocks can never be enough to stone the fools. Silence them in the midst of their dissent. Stop, Stop, Stop every pinko commie Judas unfaithful to our wars. They fortunately have no right to mind. Unite for freedom: The rallying cry rises slowly from above the people.

What will Malcolm Kremser do at this point? Once he was alive as a free and equal authentic U. S. citizen, 3½ years after the Great Election he languishes as slave to the Fatherland. Around his head fly posters of Uncle Sam, Dr. Spock, Little Orphan Annie. Recruiting Sergeants sneer and chuckle under their breath as he walks by in a cloud. Five hundred hands of the super Air Force flying floating Naval Enlister reach out and attempt to hide his life away in metal encasements for four years or more. He ends up in a secondary school to serve his country. Malcolm Kremser sincerely, determinedly, patriotically teaches in a cracking, breaking, bursting metropolitan High School that bespeaks its distinctly American environment. The long Arm of the Draft blows upon the scene. "Ha! We've got you now, INGRATE!!!" roar the beaming Recruiting Sergeants, the super but mildly unhappy Air Force flying floating Naval Enlister, and a friend from the local draft board. Malcolm Kremser thinks and continuously envisions, "Canada. Canada. Canada. Can that be the Land of the Free?", and breaks the long Arm of the Draft. The military gasps. "How could this be? Running from our holy grasp. Mobilize the American Legion, he shall not overcome." Malcolm Kremser swings wide toward Canada. The way is crowded with the National Guard and Reserve units fighting to stay at home. The telegraph wires burst, "Find the lowly dissenter and bring him to Justice with all due speed!" Signed, Your Lord and Master of the S.S. Malcolm Kremser crashes to the underground, grows his hair long, runs upon the path stretching from Thoreau to Ginsberg. The V.F.W. (with that comfortable emphasis on distant *Foreign Wars* of glory) bombs the path intensely, Malcolm moves out to Harlem, is immediately betrayed by his skin, and escapes only thru diversionary tactics performed by the embittered inhabitants.

At the very end of his sanity, betrayed by his rulers, condemned for his mind, hated for himself, he gives in, is converted to the Military Camp, is immediately shipped to the Southeast of Asia, takes an impersonal arsenal, murders each and anyone on sight who looks like a foreigner, and is widely celebrated and decorated for his good heart. At each day's end, he repeats to himself that he has all of this tremendous American tradition behind him and imagines that the strange-looking foreigners are only Comanche Indians. "In the sight of God perhaps it does appear to be murder and senseless destruction, but I think San Juan Hill, Gettysburg, the Argonne, Yorktown, and Iwo Jima have something to say about that." And Lyndon saw that it was good, and on the seventh day he rested.

On Hearing That Tonya Will Be Married

Shocking, searing happiness-in-pain
 That grabs my heart, and twists a frightened smile
 Out of my incredulous mind.
 — She will be married! Tomorrow!

That wide-eyed waif who dazzled me
 One summer in the sun, one winter in the fog;
 And suffered the wounds of my thoughtlessness.

That child-woman who once upon a time,
 In the never-never land of Youth,
 Shot into my life the adrenalin of Love.

That sad, mad, vital girl
 I wished with all my soul
 Would love me as I did worship her.

That trembling spirit of the wind
 I tried to catch and hold and tame —
 Instead of sailing with her.

That wild-flower of the earth
 Who's lived more than her share of pain,
 And deserves guiltless, peaceful pollination.

Remember — late at night, or with the dawn —
 His love is what I wished for you.

LANCE DISKAN

The Black Sea

Dunes:
 Like nipple-barren breasts
 Rise from the body of the supple beach,
 As it reclines against the Sea.

Water:
 Groans in ecstasy at the warmth of his dawn;
 Caressing the body of the sand
 He thrusts his power onto her cliffs, shores
 Into her coves.

LANCE DISKAN

Odyssey '67

I hear you, America
 As I race across your breast,
 Above the whine of the tires and the roar of the wind
 I hear a thousand voices telling a million stories —
 Each voice a dab of the liquid landscape of America.

I hear you singing:
 Singing Dixieland at The Red Garter in Chicago,
 Singing "Ode to Billy Joe" at a diner in Idaho,
 Singing the national anthem at Franklin Field in Philly,
 Singing.

I hear you crying:
 Crying for your mother when you're lost at Disneyland,
 Crying for a 17 year old son, missing at Khe Sahn,
 Crying for Coltrane — who will never cry again.
 Crying.

I hear you bitching:
 Bitching about Reagan and his Right Wing friends,
 Bitching about the 90c hamburger at Old Faithful Inn,
 Bitching about the war.
 Bitching.

I hear you laughing:
 Laughing at a television show from a darkened motel room,
 Laughing at a dirty joke in a Des Moines bar,
 Laughing at the drunk lying on the post office lawn.
 Laughing.

I hear you shouting:
 Shouting "Keep to the left" as you tell me where to park,
 Shouting "Timber" as one more Redwood is gone forever,
 Shouting "Peace on Earth" from the curb in Haight-Ashbury.
 Shouting.

I hear you praying:
 Praying with Billy Graham in a stadium in Kansas City,
 Praying in a gymnasium at a Unitarian service in Denver,
 Praying at the Mormon Temple in Salt Lake City.
 Praying.

I hear you, America.
 At night, at noon, on the radio, on the street,
 In Omaha and Terre Haute and Wheeling and Flagstaff;
 You're telling a story, and I'm listening . . .

Second Poem to Chris

When the blue chill of fear
 Creeps through the marrow of my soul;
 When I lay on the floor
 Shattered by loneliness;
 When music turns to noise
 And words turn to ashes;
 When the world encloses me
 In its absurd, imploding womb:

Then I think of Chris

Chasing the mist before her on Big Sur,
 Her Spanish face longing to be touched,
 Her universal soul waiting to be loved.

I think of Chris,

And cry with joy because she sleeps in my heart,
 Cry with pain that I'm only a boy.

She gives me Peace.

I give her only thanks,

Such is the great sadness of my life.

LANCE DISKAN

Singularity

Bolted doors,
 Hall lights,
 The radio for company.

Past Majority fear should be gone
 —Or at least hidden—
 But like motherless children I cower,
 Afraid!

It's not the darkness — I love the night.
 It's not the quiet — I prefer silence to sound.
 It's singularity,
 That birth-born fear of freedom.
 Freedom to walk and fear of falling
 Freedom to think and fear of knowing
 Freedom to try and fear of failing
 Freedom to love and fear of . . . singularity.

So back into a quilt-warm womb I crawl,
 Lying fetally —
 Screaming for someone to love me.

LANCE DISKAN

Period 5-a began in the left wing of Euteck High School with a chorus of faint hums as three tardy students guided their transpors hurriedly into their respective stalls. Each student's screen had already begun its self-testing procedure. These, the newest entry in the recent series of teaching machines, needed no one to turn it on, and no one to attend to it other than to make responses to its lectures and questions. However, the machines were already showing their wear. The fresh coat of paint around the selector dials was scratched in neat, concentric circles, and the desk, just before the control panel, was beginning to show metal-against-metal marks. This particular model had been used for just over six months, and everyone was just about accustomed to its operation.

HISTORY P/5-A; 301 QWERTYUIOPASDFGHJKLZXCVBNM,.;+

The computer was finishing its "waking-up" exercise and was ready to begin. The screen snapped dark and the audio-only lecture began.

"Case number AO639 1970, on file under "Age of Change," International INFOSTOR, Iceland.

"William (Billy) James (no accompanying number, of course) was a boy of seven, physiologically and mentally normal for his age and occupied with the usual seventh-year interests. He first attended school about this time and to his delight, he enjoyed this experience immensely. In fact, he would expend such a large amount of time on homework (term used to describe problems done at one's abode during his own time) and outside reading that he began to surpass his fellow students with great enthusiasm.

"Reaching fourth grade (arbitrary division of intellectual advancement, esp. one solar year in duration), Billy was found working on problems which were being assigned to the seventh grade level. As one would expect, Billy became quite bored in this archaic system of teaching.

"The school officials were finally convinced of Billy's wasted energies, primarily through the pleas of his teachers and parents, and they finally took action. Billy, from then on, was permitted to pursue any subject he might choose, but only under the approval and guidance of his superiors.

"He was soon at the college level and only thirteen years old. However, a change in his behavior appeared. Passing almost unnoticed for a considerable time was Billy's increased lack of activity and physical growth. Students whom he had previously surpassed in mental stamina were now passing him in physical development. Not only was Billy's motivation affected, but also his physiological ability to take part in any activity was becoming increasingly poorer. His body was almost identical to that when he was seven years old. Doctors examined Billy and diagnosed his problem as a hormone deficiency. This was followed by inoculations of the newest in tested and proven chemicals, but with no apparent change in body makeup. Indeed, the only observable difference in Billy was his behavior during the periods of inoculations. After each shot, Billy would exhibit a greatly enhanced mental activity demonstrated by increased reading speed, extremely high comprehension and almost incredible retention.

"Almost just as startling was that this effect was accumulative. The more shots of hormones, the greater was his permanent retention. (This

was based on studies in which Billy was presented with very boring and nearly meaningless readings, and, without prior knowledge of his task, was asked one month later to repeat them word for word, which he did successfully). In short, Billy was craving knowledge.

"It was decided that these shots be discontinued and Billy's physical immaturity be taken in stride without undue worry.

"Billy's next five years were much the same. He absorbed every bit of knowledge and fact he could during his waking hours and still he was unsatisfied at the close of each day.

"Billy's mother soon came to realize for the first time that Billy was beginning to change again. This time, she chose to ignore the first ominous signs, but in a short time was unable to continue to successfully keep the obvious fact from Billy's father and their neighbors. Billy was shrinking. Little by little, his limbs and torso were growing smaller as if they were being eaten away from the inside. Billy's father, against the wishes of his wife, who feared what she might discover, took Billy to the doctors again and they observed one amazing fact—Billy, although he was shrinking, was doing so in overall body stature, but not in weight. His weight throughout three months of observation remained constant and yet his body, by all appearances, was actually growing smaller. Finally, one doctor, while discussing the situation with Billy's nervous parents, discovered the truth of the matter. By outward characteristics, the fact was almost imperceivable, but the organ which Billy, by luck or destiny (as yet being debated between philosophers and geneticists) came to use the most, was growing larger. His brain. This fact was confirmed by subsequent measurements taken of his skull in various directions.

"A theory was set forth: although Billy's diet grew less with his body size, the decreasing amount of caloric intake was not proportional to this gradual decline. This would mean that Billy's brain was not only thriving on food, but also—and here is the fact which was unacceptable to most everyone—on information. Pure information. Again, this was confirmed on the basis that as his brain grew, he had to assimilate more and more knowledge.

"A short time later, Billy could no longer walk; his body became an extension of his head rather than vice-versa. His extremities were virtually unrecognizable. Billy was given a private room in the hospital where he was continually tested for some kind of a clue to this odd occurrence. Here, he was given a relatively crude learning machine developed by a private corporation which projected on a screen all types of scholarly journals and current writings in all fields of knowledge. Because Billy consumed a relatively greater amount of knowledge than food, this machine became jokingly known to many of the hospital staff as the 'reader feeder.' The entire case was a big joke to most people, but only for a little while. The morning of June 30, 1969 began at the hospital with the arrival of a telegram from a city only 200 miles distant. It read:

HOSPITAL

DEAR DR. _____,

TWO CASES IDENTICAL TO WILLIAM JAMES REPORTED HERE. JUST RECEIVED WORD OF SIMILAR CASES IN OTHER PARTS OF THE WORLD. PLEASE FORWARD ALL AVAILABLE INFORMATION.

The computer screen flashed alive again.

"END—HISTORY P/5-A; 301"

The former silence of the room, kept so by the students plugging directly into the computer, was broken with the clicks and metallic scrapes as the students' mechanical hands removed the jacks and prepared to leave. The bubble-top transpors hummed with eagerness waiting for the automatic doors to open. It is hard to imagine that human beings actually existed with arms and legs, even though the computers often remind everyone, pictorially, exactly how the human body once looked. It is hard to imagine, being basically brain tissue in a transpor; but this form is so much better than the old—or at least that is what the computer says.

The 100-second warning special sounded for the start of the next class, the humming transpors reached their destinations, and again the school was silent.

GREGORY EPLER



"Heil Helfterich."

long and aching ride
 in car hitting hot
 tar expansion ridges
 black road twisting
 through green
 perversions of forest
 denying the limited extensions
 of self and windshield
 that catches glare
 from another sun
 unknown until now

turnpikes and streets
 state boundaries
 passed by cars
 in false sideward motion
 unreal except accidents
 reality immediately to death
 in supermarket and
 broken arm in
 white car
 telephone poles broken
 broken heads
 broken smiles and waves
 from seven year old kids
 on sidewalk
 who have smiled
 at all cars
 only to be ignored
 and finally forgotten

wave from car
 behind dirty window
 they run along sidewalk
 to watch
 one who responded

silence again as
 kids stop
 not knowing
 they saw a sign
 for help from
 prison of self existence

then sky darkens as reach
 point B from point A
 and ready to proceed
 with cautious acceleration
 toward destination
 point C
 while making side remarks
 about shoe laces and death

saying the end will come soon

Dark, cold slumber of ages
 Passing the tomb in night
 As the far dogs howl,
 And the moon beams cast their
 shivering light.

The black poplars are bent;
 The casket of funerary asphodel
 enshrouds
 And the last muffled gasp is terror-
 sucked
 As Death, holding firm, silently
 collects.

over
 under
 and
 into
 city

across nervous cobblestones
 and paved trolley tracks
 that are graced by imagination
 that sees them
 vital and lustful
 for shouts in the street
 and stop light changing colors
 seeing laughing people
 on unstartable motorcycles
 telling directions
 and watching
 soccer in the square
 as ball flies over
 old ladies heads and
 bounces to be tackled
 by sidewalk center half

unknown people
 old
 sitting on favorite benches
 thinking about children
 or wildly gesticulating
 round nonlogical arguments
 on air pollution and war

young mixing with old
 expressionless faces assumed
 walls thought impenetratable
 that conceal cringing
 terror struck animals
 that cannot empty guts

and feebly walk through
the shadows toward bright speck
called self

grays dirty whites
of tenements and neon
stroll boredom into empty
years of lost dog searching
sitting at window
over petunias
sucking cigarettes and
turning inside
to see what was
built in hollow waste

move on again
through same streets
purple convertibles
turning right to left
disappearing swallowed by
blank stares and
open mouthed yawnings
of leaning buildings
to support each other
in some zenith in sky

stopped now passing people
eyes sunken
red and yellow with
green shaded stubble beard
one lying on sidewalk
grotesque body
with hand stretched out
legs curled up
security among the broken bottles
and stained paper

man looks up from doorway
asking pardons from those
who have stumbled
over his legs
and are ready to kick him

turn away
past the filth
sitting and watching
yellow sky
city trucks come
with nameless men
who shout curses
at slipped cable

slouch with their
people to pick up
compressor truck
they wave to the
gathered watching kids
feeling like gods

THE NAMELESS HAVE COME TO DO THEIR WORK

Way haul away
We'll hang and haul together
Way haul away
We'll haul away joe.

Once I had a Spanish girl;
She nearly drove me crazy.
Way haul away
We'll haul away joe.*

work finished
and with flourish
the men jump from truck
into cab
clashing of gears
and truck disappears
at next corner

motion again
nausea of bodily perceptions
stepping over broken bottles
spinning awkward gyrations
affecting the dodging of cars

yellow sky turns
to black night
match to cigarette
one point in the dark

cross the street
dancing lights flash
red and gold
that becomes the separation

black faces on brown background
eyes moving in bodies
groups standing under lamp
using the curb
while old women
sit in white and green
lawn chairs

aluminum legs catching
the light as their silence
accents the shouts

bar with beer signs
buzzing of fluorescence
the inevitable
 Joe's Bar
gray granite
 alleys piled with
brown chairs
flies forming clouds
over garbage and broken windows

flat and brown
flaked paint
on horizontal boards

people dangling inside
legs scattered over stools
arms waving and
fingers circling under noses
black index fingers
pink fingernails
 crusted dirt
humanity smelling
sudden laughs

All you that with good ale doth
 hold
Draw near, I say, both young and
 old,
 and listen to my tale;
And you shall hear how in what
 wether
A sort of Soldiers met together
 for to devour good ale.* *

women drinking
breathing in their drinks
smeared lipstick over mouths
pulling red pants
into place and
lighting cigarettes

quarter in machine
then beating of drum
and bass pounding
action to brain and body
movement in wild gyrations

the orgasm of sound
creates after images
people laugh
room rings with music

music stops
then everything dark and swirling
in slow exit
 into dark
people turning backs
going home
walking down deserted streets
of silver lights and trash cans

silence in the street
unheard echoes of past feet
gray dust in morning

park walked through
green trees
grass green
brown path ascending
around trees and vines
railings black painted
hanging on ascending
long paths
steps few in number
faint street lights
and holy churches
granite based landing
lookout point
salient overwhelming

looking over city
 nothing
sudden urge
 and done
it is finished

*Old sea chanty:

"Way Haul Away"

**Old English ballad:

"All you that with good ale
doth hold"

GERALD MILLER

Souvenirs

Long forgotten times
are easily recalled
and pleasure starts
souvenirs of another day
with maybe a picture or a word
to uncan the laughter
and the memories flood my mind
i want to remember the good old days
because the happiness machine busted up
because a dream is easier to face
than reality
and my eyes water thinking
to when i wasn't thought of
when my old lady was what
i whistle at now
and my old man was me
here's where i come in
because i'm young
with lots more like me
and we have fun because the blast
won't last and when it's over
it's back to the rat-race
but even if you win a rat race
you're still a rat
like others before us
and others to come
things don't change
because we're trapped
and whoever the hunter is
he's gonna get us
and we'll be food for something
maybe thought
because 2000 years of smarts
gotta be some good somehow
for somebody
and our god is dead or incognito
and we are lost
like sheep with no shepherd
i don't want an introduction
when i meet my maker
my soul don't like strangers
now there is no future
only a sweep hand
knocking off the seconds
and a bell to tell
me it's tomorrow
but my machine tells me it's yesterday
and i stare through the walls
at a face, a voice, a touch
and i wish i was there

TIMOTHY C. COYNE

My Eschatological Epitaph

Last night,
 the world blew up,
 And I stood patiently by
 waiting to snag pieces of my brain
 that sailed majestically past
 my mighty fortress
 of love.
 Last night,
 theory became obsolete,
 but there is no triumph for empiricists
 who are now mere dust in the cosmic heap.
 Social Science shall reign supreme
 with the discovery that you
 are the catalyst
 of life.
 Last night,
 we two stole a large quantity
 of love
 from Kama's World Bank.
 With all due haste
 his terrible swift sword
 clove Gaea from North to South
 resulting in the ultimate destruction
 of our love life.
 This morning,
 when my sneeze
 cleared the smoke away,
 my imagination spotted you
 somewhat to the left
 of Polaris.
 Moth that I am
 I mistook you for a flame,
 And, setting out, died en route.

TIMOTHY C. COYNE

Discotheque

The sound pours,
 Rocks, Thunders, and Carries
 an ecstasy of noise,
 a tidal wave of torment
 with no release
 for the straining souls
 a cylinder of humanity
 with simultaneous stroke
 the piston of power
 the living dream
 the exotic surge
 the unity of immersion
 is a therapy.

TIMOTHY C. COYNE

Some Borrowed Words

If I should love too deeply
 devoid of the temper
 and patience of age
 Is mine a selfish heart?
 When all the loud and crowded
 hours are still
 and we share
 the solitude of darkness
 each telling our eloquent tale in braille,
 Do I say too much
 with my touch
 Your time plays tricks upon my mind,
 Because love has your face and body now,
 and your mouth is sweet
 as it tilts to let my kisses in,
 And God has made
 no other eyes like yours,
 bright like a rash of stars.
 Ever do I hear your laughter
 like long bright ribbons
 But are they bright
 in another light?
 Better for me to prize the sunrise
 rather than become the sun.

TIMOTHY C. COYNE

False Breakthrough

What shall I do
 with your mental zoo
 the animals that are your moods
 of caged inhibition
 far older than you?
 An escape
 so grand
 for your Id
 I planned
 But then,
 I somewhat belatedly discovered
 there is but one Clyde Beatty
 and consequently
 my psyche now suffers from numerous scratches
 which,
 when healed,
 will leave scars for all to see
 and that whip
 of which I bragged,
 was nevertheless
 ineffectual
 against the mighty forces of the unknown continent
 where love lay hiding

TIMOTHY C. COYNE

Shore Morning

Ever approaching subway roar
 Crawling fingers, bitter brine.
 At my back, the early sun,
 And behind, long-weathered boards
 Gray like sand.
 The morning fresh with mist, Mingled with
 the child laughter—
 The questionable feelings of warmth and cold.
 Peripherally abounds the Rib Gift,
 Myriad shades of delicious brown.
 And I, on my gritty towel,
 Am as restless as the sea.

TIMOTHY C. COYNE

The Beholder

Images of shapes in a night-black window;
 of people and things in continual workings.
 Dynamic existence against the void below
 and above in constancy, and murmurings of
 the reflected and dissipated involvements of life.

Motion and thoughts, dreams and desires, extinguished
 from purpose and sense by a viewpoint;
 dissolved in the porous, engulfing denial
 provided by the eternal, unending voids transfigured
 by the mass of the ominous void.

To one eye reality; to the other a lie,
 a mockery, a cynical, sardonic display of
 disoriented, meaningless forms, presenting
 an unjust and pitiful portrait of man
 so deviously construed by the remarkable void.

So certain the intent, so cruel the judgment,
 that the eye needs to wince to deliver itself
 from the blasphemy of life so accidentally discovered.
 Return to reality, to the truth of existence.
 Negate the plurality of interpretation suggested

By the void, by the void.

DAVID BURKHARDT

Thursday Childless

I am constantly walking down a
corridor which is a corridor of life
or of girls dormitory, two mutually
exclusive and exclusively trite terms
being either death and taxes
or maybe two semesters.

Like rats amazed the rooms crawl
off the corridor boob cubes meaning
one who is not particularly bright
or maybe breast.

With no man but the janitor (and
no man is a janitor) silver tones are
pewter; from cuter lapse to neuter
deceptive fragility shed; women are
the more earthbound, you can tell by
the way their hips are broader than
their shoulders.

Primarily primary primates. food,
sex, sleep, ecclesiastical vanity.
Feminine harmony jostled only
by conflicts over men, tv,
popcorn, earrings, ice cream,
clothes, curtains, lights (on or off)
doors

doors rift:

be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors
Doors; light my fire but hide it
under the bed because no candles
allowed in the dorms or also because
no men are allowed in the reception
room after ten thirty. Oh, hell —

doors (open or shut) shades
(up or down).

Mostly half dressed, seldom
all dressed, never completely
undressed — hard to shower
wrapped in a towel — have to
read Gray's Anatomy to
find out what it looks like.

Hospital hospitality in the reception room.
Make it under the last supper of a dean's nose.
Equally curious and oblivious fish inside
and out of the porous inquiriam.

Throw the sparklers into the
strawberry jelly and write
this across the sky.

A Most Prominent Role

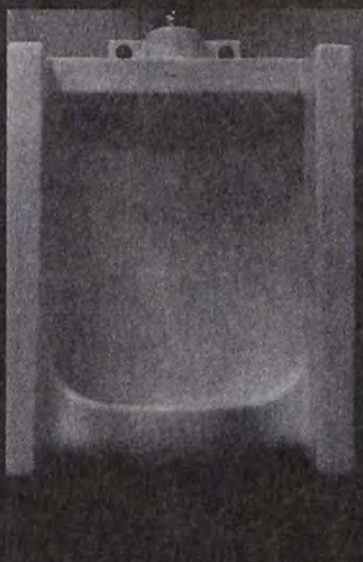
would that I could my love
 be a skin flick goddess
 a buddhist broad
 have breasts like the earth
 bellbottomed to ring in the knew
 a blonde if you like
 a Nordic Nike of
 fleshy ferocity
 fair initiate of a
 sandal less
 scandalous
 scandinavian
 sorority
 or as deep as the Nile
 bod receptacle or
 flesh pot if you like
 an Egyptian coffer
 with hope at the source
 would that I could, skinny god,
 play all Parnassus to your embrace
 Remember when you kiss me.

VICKI VAN HORN

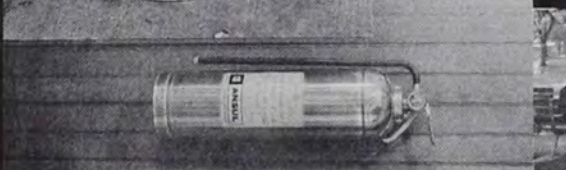
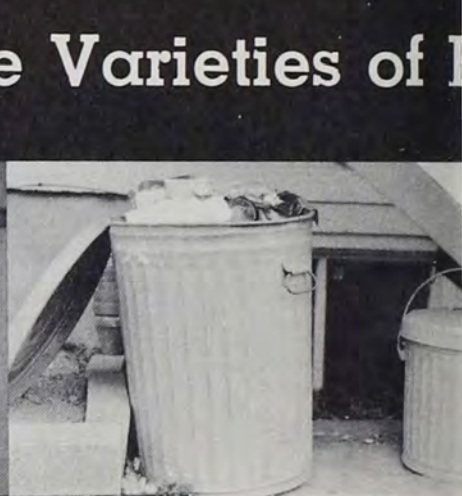
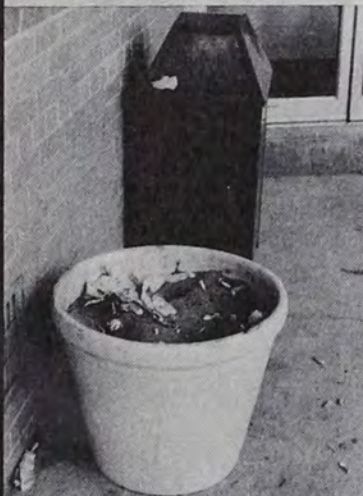
It Ran Out . . .

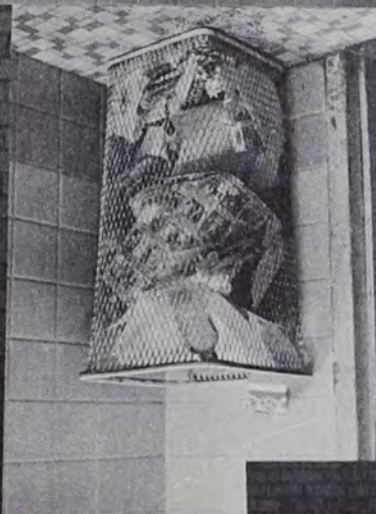
Get the message
 Though
 Your tape recorder ear
 Is unplugged.
 There is no more
 Love
 Among
 The crooked
 Hunch-backed
 Stone-hearts.
 Someone left
 The spigot open
 And it ran out.

GENTLE SOUL

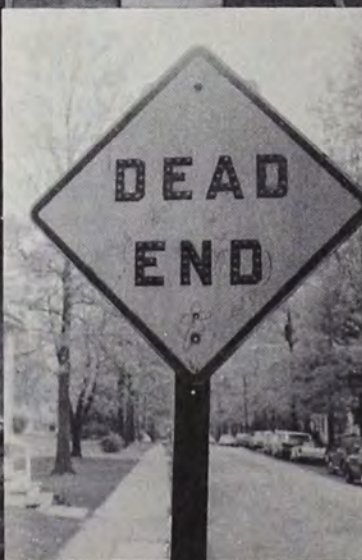
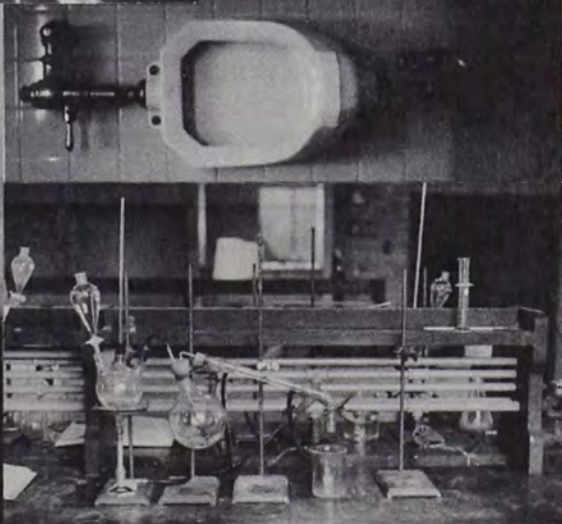


The Varieties of





gious Experience



shades of the living
 incense from the present candle
 burning in heavenly clouds
 light
 sun
 images
 orange glow of after day
 fades into violet night
 day sounds falling into night sounds
 silence
 haunting
 distant
 sounds sealing over the western
 and fallen sun

night the time of ancient evil
 in modern garb of stainless steel
 the secrets of the age
 hidden by the engulfed blackness
 horror of the unknown
 from years before earth creation
 to age of dull red explosions
 of never seen death

I

lights of sky towers
 city lights
 blinking out individually
 into collective darkness
 giant buildings stainless and granite
 built by super human engines
 gone out of existence
 darkness being the end of sight

lights of homes going out
 hotel lights flashing in neon throes
 streets dim then nothing

everywhere light and sound dead
 not even wind to howl through
 open doors or blow empty garbage cans
 sending them crashing against
 empty buildings

buildings cast no outline in sky
 the stars are dark
 visually silent
 their mute screams are not heard
 by deaf ears

 ears
 only
 those of
 statue
 blank eyes and bronzed ears

no echoes from gaunt towers
 sterile silence
 piercing
 driving
 hot
 disassociated
 insanity

running through dead streets
 darkness and madness
 unheard screams by own mouth
 writhing pain
 rolling white eyes
 horror of darkness
 crash into unseen buildings
 spinning arm caught wildly
 teeth hurt from vibrations of now unsilent city
 sonic waves attacking eardrums
 compelling torment
 electric shocks arc through streets
 blue sparks waving by windows
 reflected over
 and over
 into
 eternity

back and forth seeking escape
 desperate falling arms supplicating
 wishing relief
 body wracked thrown about
 slammed into posts
 blood from crushed nose
 flailing blasting out lungs
 blood frothing at mouth
 slashing pain
 tearing human nerve endings

unconscious regaining of feet
 coughing blood in blind panic
 running down middle of street
 giant electric bolts
 screaming blue agony
 attacking savagely
 driving
 beating
 onward

lashed by sonic shatter
 dark street eaten by running feet
 passing things
 driven onward
 agony
 running falling

electricity bouncing from buildings
 splashed burning sparks
 running
 street moving under feet until
 the end
 falling
 into
 hollow
 waste
 darkness
 thick & choking
 blackness

II

mountains in distance
 gray hills treeless slopes
 granite flecked whiteness
 in dusk
 travel to the mountains
 across dry wastes

water gone
 leaving sink holes
 and black burned branches
 twisted on the sand floor
 hot sun beating through the day

dusk and cold comes
 rocks crack in stillness
 footsteps crunching over gravelled sand
 yellow day seeping away
 behind the broken hills
 sky slowly bleeding
 fading into blue light
 and finally gurgling death chant

mind expands over all
 universal sight from the stars
 cold without emotion
 world dying
 deserts creeping beyond boundary mountains
 flowing into the valleys
 stopping rivers
 brown water fouling smell
 mud
 sun baked
 into blowing dust

hushed whispers of approaching sand
 grains whistling through thick air
 animated mass of sand
 overwhelming cities
 felling streets with crying death wind

omega
 death dance
 sucked under
 omega

III

sealed locked air tight
 nothing let in metal box
 brass tin core of metallic hardness
 unfeeling blankness of steel
 dark unforgiving stifling box

body sealed inside
 names echoing from sides
 helpless perceiver of chaos
 swirling syllables book of life
 damnation sealed cold doom

body in metal box
 becomes imprisonment of all
 eternal airtight box of ages
 inescapable cycle of spark and
 suffocating over continuum
 gyrating briefly return
 system closed
 nothing escapes

no force outside
 tumbling box through void
 tight system echoing names forgotten
 in continuing endless plunging
 metal box ever crumbling
 expanding

endless plunging
 circling through
 black realms
 inside names lost
 word energy absorbed by infinity
 metal box
 now silent
 now lost

shadows of the living
 morning incense from glowing sun
 dreams recede
 lost prophecy of the night

world awake

yet nightmares stand at
 edge of darkness

The Dark Night of the Mind II

He looks into his mind and finds all distinctions arbitrary. He looks into his heart and his soul is not worth saving. He seeks understanding and truth to guide his life. He finds the great yawning abyss screaming its relative nothingness into his disbelieving ears. The sadness from his heart pervades his body. His purpose has been thwarted. His rational faculties have parted company with his emotions. He is schizophrenic about his non-belief. He recognizes the existence of the perception gap. He can attest to the existence of the metaphysical-physical gap: he has difficulty proving that he exists. He's seen the incredible sundering of objective validity and subjective truth. His mind is nowhere. Cogs and flywheels are flying, turning nervously, hesitatingly—without direction. Round and round—we're on a carousel grasping for the golden ring that makes philosophers kings—but not over their own hearts.

What is all this insanity of wars and duty and patriotism? More arbitrary distinctions. What is a flag but a child sitting naked on the steps of a slum tenement? And what are bullets but the lack of ballast in men's desires, the greed and lust of leaden souls?

And what is this absurdity: this scene we fanatically idealize: the way of all flesh into degradation, the American means of death to all disbelievers, the sixteenth century Catholic Church reincarnate. The only way to Heaven, obviously.

His heart is sad. He perceives no light shining out of the darkness. He needs a new Messiah. Lamentations of despair. The foundation rocks are splitting—only in *his* head?

L. BARRY ERB

One Step Beyond the Doors (or The Big Fool Finally Looks Around)

The death of your eyes provides darkness,
 lost on igneous salt flats
 with your soul writhing behind.
 Splintered ankle bones twisted and broken
 on spearhead diamond stones crumble under you.
 Sinking canyons are chin deep in young lion's blood
 killing the creatures stuck underneath
 in the wheezing civilization's mud.
 Your ears can still hear.
 Ionized electric streaks shriek
 past your brain screaming in pain
 The end has now come. God won't it come?
 But the end will not come,
 and even chemical white acid fire
 will never dissolve your existence.
 We exist forever, beyond electronic clocks and lunar calendars,
 timeless
 and it is said by desert tribe prophets
 that some never die, but live eternally in Hell.

B. JEFFERSON E.



"Ma fella 'merikuns . . ."

A note of thanks to my parents and teachers

The words of the poet don't mean much to me,
 As words their significance flees.
 But sympathetic muscular reactions and galvanic skin response!
 (GSR to those of you with graph-paper eyeballs and gyroscope hearts)
 These are the fire-breathing butterflies and silver-scaled fish
 Inhabiting my nights and haunting my days.
 I quake, standing fully clothed,
 Complete with Swiss Army knife with nineteen blades,
 Before the unknowable.
 My Cub Scout compass mind and my Camp Fire Girl sexuality
 are all that I need to
 Be Prepared.

LINDA RICHTMYRE

To a dead hippie

Some you win . . .
 Some you lose . . .
 But this life will be rained out.

Cling! The cymbals on your finger wish me better
 luck in the next incarnation.
 Thank you, god of my tomorrows who never worries
 about my todays.

LINDA RICHTMYRE

A Scrap

The wasteland lies frozen,
 Locked between city and suburb.
 Gulls wheel overhead
 Searching for fossilized garbage
 In ice encrusted trash heaps.

LINDA RICHTMYRE

Haiku I

The sweet memories
Of a love too young to fade
Bloom on my pillow

II

We share the same sun
His stars are the ones I see.
He lives: there is hope

III

By the lamp nightly
The sound of my solitude
Is marred by moth wings

IV

With purple ribbons
Our souls woven together:
Love in harmony

V

Alone on the sand
I watch while snow crests of sea
Topple my castles

SHARYN L. NEGUS

Love

Love is a fairy-tale
Told by a fool
Full of passion and feeling
Rendering ultimate desolation.

LINDA DiMAURO

Haiku No. 30

Dare I gaze
at the ticket stub
alone . . .
Rock and roll woman

MANDRAKE '69

Rachel

Twilight leaps the broken fence
 And gives the stars a place to be,
 Provides dawn's only recompense,
 And Rachel Dark will wait for me.
 The world crawls off and tries to sleep,
 The tears of night slide slick and free
 On sunlit eyes afraid to weep,
 And Rachel Black will wait for me.
 Halloween fingers brown and red,
 Thread the eyeless needle tree
 With strands of sightless fear and dread,
 And Rachel Night will wait for me.
 Black velvet wisdom frayed by dawn's
 Thin grey silt, come late not early.
 Gold life now the horizon yawns,
 And I will wait for Rachel's plea.

W. EGGLESTON

There Is No Present

There is no present.
 Only a hair-line between its father and its
 destruction upon which it climbs and stays
 not at all until it tumbles to the quick dust.
 The word should be completely omitted for it
 has no meaning—
 It borrows its shifting home from the reaches
 of its supposed fellows, and pretends to exist.

W. EGGLESTON

Winter Woods

Crunching snow, cracking twig
 Tiny limbs that surprise
 An owl's awakened
 And off it flies.

W. JOHANNA LYSINGER

One Hundred Per Cent Genuine

Kids. They think the whole world belongs to them. The punks.

Foster Sellers, that's me. Bum by nature, poet by luck. A real, live, natural poet, that's me.

I've seen everything that they're afraid of. Jails, flophouses, bars where the bums'll crawl on the table for another shot. I read my poetry to these kids and they lap it up; just like they lap up their crummy java. I asked a kid once why he drank so much of the stuff. You know what he told me? He told me he hated the stuff, said that most of the kids hated it, but it's the right thing to do, "the proper way" as the kid said. I mean, like they really want to be grownup in a bad way.

Rough, long brown hair, blue jeans; the guys really went after that type a few years ago. But now all you see are cute, long brown-haired girls, so I guess the guys got tired of the others.

The clock tells me I have another half hour to kill.

I hate reading this poetry. As a matter of fact, it's not even my own poetry. There was a shaggy faced junkie in the same cell as me, so I stole a few of his poems. It wasn't such a terrible thing because he killed himself a few days later. Got hold of a blanket and strangled himself in the night. I remember I was really scared then, looking at his face, I mean. It's been a while since he died, so the only thing I remember now about his face was the waxiness of it. Crazy. But he sure could write poetry—my poetry now. I'm practically famous.

"Run with me children, through society,
Run from the hills to the shore to the sea,
And sail your boat, but don't look back
Or you won't ever stay with me."

The jukebox continues to play, the metallic music machine. They listen to me and the music, probably because we're so much alike. I listen to the words, not the sound. It's not so bad then.

It was kind of tragic for that bearded prophet to go kill himself. There aren't too many poets around, and you just can't let too many get away from you.

No, it really isn't so bad if you can get away from the sound of the music, if you can concentrate on the words. Sometimes when there is something on your mind, you listen to the words, and everything starts to look real clear; so clear in fact, that you wonder why it was on your mind for so long. Like now, I was just thinking, like, I couldn't understand why the kids dig me so much. And it crossed my mind that the reason why these kids turn up night after night to see me was because they really believe in what I got to say to them, they believe that I wouldn't do them wrong, that I wouldn't cheat them, that I wouldn't rob them of something that belonged to them.

"But I tell you I didn't steal the old lady's purse. Honest."

"Look. We're going to let you back in the streets, you germ, but if we get you on another rap, you're going to spend a hell of a lot of

time in the grey splendor of the jail. Now get the hell out of here."

Don't get me wrong, I'm not stupid. I was pretty good in school. Like I could always eat up the aptitude tests that they gave us. It was too bad I didn't give a damn about teachers though. They knew I was smart, but I knew it just as well as they did. I could have gotten into college, but I didn't want to. I'd seen the guys who couldn't get a decent job even with the degree. So I went for the big city lights. Tourists. That was my profession. The eternal fleecer of the tourists. I must have gotten at least fifty of them before I got bagged. That's where I met the guy in the cell.

Quarter to nine. Plenty of time still.

"And indeed there will be time
For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,
Rubbing its back upon the window pane;
There will be time, there will be time,
To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet."

"Give me another Coke, will you, Harold?"

"Yes. Sure. Anything."

He drew up the coke, letting the foam drip sloppily on the drain.

"Thanks," I said.

"Going on soon?"

"Yes, got to give it to them."

Harry turned away from me, but I think he understood. The owner hurried over to me. A small guy, about thirty-five or so, still probably shaved two or three times a week. Drawn in cheeks, all he needed was a tail to pass for Mickey Mouse's kid brother.

"You ready Foster?"

"Yes, put me on, Al."

I didn't hear Al introduce me. After a while you know what he's saying. Al's okay. Maybe because he's like me; he really hates these kids, but he can always give you the big Ipana smile when you need it.

". . . and here he is, our uncrowned poet laureate, Foster Sellers."

Most of them clapped. Some stared. But the clapping helped erase the severity of the frozen stares. The rest of the group looked at the "rebels" and forced them out of their staring. Very quiet, but very effective. Almost as if they could see through my madras curtain.

"The poem that I am going to read to you is a poem called 'Society.' It represents our struggle against the Johns and Janes of society. We'll win, I can tell you that, but it's still a long dusty road that has to be travelled.

"The high heeled shoes
Clipcloppclipclopp
through the street
where everyone nods,
and smiles
and gasps
as tinkerbells slithers
amidst the alleys,
Pushing her magic dust."

The kids loved it. The one that told me he hated java just sat there. I read others, and the kids practically tore down the house. They wanted more, they started a chant for more, but I just bowed to them, humble-like, so they wouldn't think I was a phony or anything.

Afterwards, an unshaven kid came up to me. Blond haired, bleached, the type of hair that you see in surfboard commercials. The kid was trying to grow a beard, and he was in the middle of growing it. I hate to see a kid in the middle of growing a beard. Looks lousy. The kid was a little nervous, like he had some confession to make or something. I broke the ice.

"I got a razor blade in the back," I said.

The kid blushed a little and said, "That's Okay. I'm going to let it grow. You know, a goatee, like what you have."

The kid was really shaking now. I guess it's not every kid that gets to talk with a famous poet.

I really admire your poetry," he said.

"Really good, Huh?"

"Yes, really good poetry."

"Glad you like it."

"I just wanted to tell you I'm glad I saw you tonight. I drove forty miles to hear you read your poetry."

"Well," I said, "I really appreciate that."

"No, let me continue," he persisted. "The only reason I drove the forty miles was to hear the real thing. I honestly believe you'll become a legend when people really find out about you."

I said to him, "Well, the thing is that I understand you kids so well. I realize what's on your mind and I write so we can communicate. Do you see what I mean?"

"Yes, I understand what you mean perfectly. I mean, you're like a God to us because you're real. I mean, Mr. Sellers, we aren't ignorant people. We come here in the name of the arts. Like you hear people talk about the kids of today. It's because we want to be like the Hemingways or the Picassos, only after you try to be like them, you find out that you're not a Hemingway, and without the arts we are lost. So we come up here to see one of us who made it, and we are envious, but we're glad you're there, because, like you said, you understand us, and you can talk to us."

I told the kid how much I appreciated talking to him but I had to go somewhere tonight. So we shook hands and he left. The kid looked as if he had just seen God. Like he said, I was a god or something. But he was right, though. I'll be a legend when people find out; I'll be a legend when that kid doesn't need bleach to keep his hair white; I'll be a legend when those kids who practically prayed to me find out about the real uncrowned poet laureate; and I'll —

"That was what I call a great performance, Foster. You're a real pro."

"Thank you, Al."

Heaven

I, a woman, love.

I love a memory of a trip into heaven, a brief interval of wonderfulness, a visit to another land, a discovery of . . . of I, a woman.

Heaven was beautiful with towering, welcoming, challenging mountains. Everything was inviting. There was no time for loneliness, only togetherness. Love in the air, in the hills, in the rushing rivers, in the quiet pastures. This loveliness is free—free love for all.

Beauty was a day breaking, a lifting or settling fog, a rainbow in a waterfall, a tiny flower, a smiling face, an inner glow.

Energy was inexhaustible—the majestic hills, the roaring river, the pouring rain, the beating wind, the streaming sunshine, all filled the inhabitants of this heaven with a love for life, a drive to do all, to store it up, and to keep going and never once look back.

Like a dream that you don't want to end, so was life in heaven. The dream would end, but before its end, I wanted to get and experience all. There were fits of wakefulness when the reality of the necessity of leaving would push up near the surface. But somehow, Heaven lasted—just a little longer.

I, a woman, loved a man. We answered the call of the wild. We knew beauty and energy and love. We shared. A man made a woman as the woman made the man. Sharing is Heaven. Enjoying, knowing, experiencing, learning, singing, sleeping, understanding, doing, changing. The key to heaven's appreciation was togetherness—loss of individuality—a marriage of two—a total sharing—a loss of oneself.

I awoke. Heaven evaporated. It is gone.

Heaven existed, it was real. I've a torn jet flight ticket, two huge posters, some perfume, and six pictures—that's all that remains of heaven.

W. JOHANNA LYSINGER

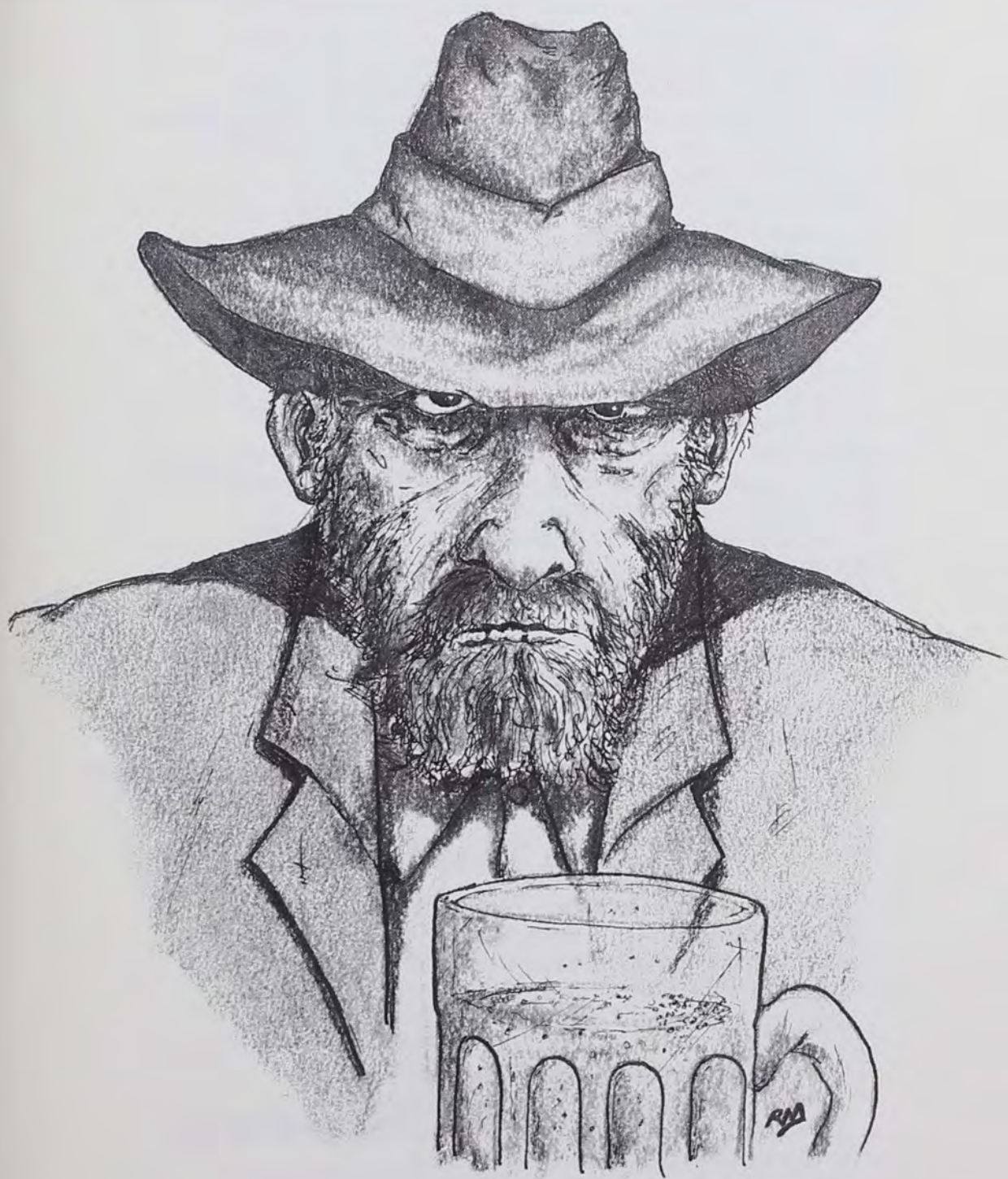
Silence Is Like God

Silence is like God. It offers both solace and fear, both comfort and anguish, both peace and torment. To those with peace of mind it contains fullness and satisfaction; to those with mental turbulence and guilt it renders emptiness and continual persecution. If silence were to reign in the universe, most of mankind would go mad, the remainder would waver between insanity and bliss, and only God would flourish in everlasting ecstasy.

YOLANDA ROTH

I soaked up silence like a sound,
It was so real to me,
So right, so rich, so newly found,
As 'twere eternity.

MARGARET S. WRIGHT



At U. C. we teach nothing but the good life.

Opened Letter from Whistler Homer, Insaned Assailant

(Something from someone who lost his mind and body in a draft)

During our stay of execution,
we filtered thru targets of oriental looking glass,
longingly scowled at pictures of dodging frogs,
and spoke to the Harbor Light Insurance Firm about bullets.

It was to be presumed that everyone was mad.
And no one was.

It was that all of us had previously partaken of
the deadly Hollow weed on birthday eighteen
and were transformed into card-carrying infantry candidates.
The Hollow weed had caused us to be thought of as
warlike men.

A candy man handed down decrees and quotas
which all of the local trees and branches clung to.
And then they had picked us out of our places.
The highly far away Hollow weed god in White
smiled and sent a million or so of us
off to a greenish fairyland paradise south and southwest
of Chinatown or someplace like China.

A political science professor smelt the weed
and complained of its being quite hollow.
He was later beheaded by 7 golden silver judges,
who had earlier condemned quite a number of
heathenishly conformed World War II Germans.

There was no comparison between the cases, of course,
but it still stopped me to think
as I marched into Chinatown or wherever it was.

GEORGE EASTBURN

Sol Clutch Rides Tonight

Sol Clutch rides tonight. Rides. Rides. Rides.
With his buffalo-hide daughter at his side.
And his trusted blue hound dog on the other.
Sol Clutch rides tonight. Rides. Rides. Rides.
Into the next world carrying muskets into China
where Ho

plots the capture of San Francisco
with Mao.

Sol Clutch rides tonight. His daughter leaves his side
to marry Gus Hall in San Francisco.
His hound dog is lost
attacking Viet Cong battleships.
Sol Clutch rides alone through China.
Rides. Rides. Rides.
With his muskets.
And accidentally attacks India before opening his eyes.

GEORGE EASTBURN

I have seen destruction from far-off
 written about death from afar
 have sat on rocks breathing black air
 have seen Christ's vision of temptation
 and been told to jump off

known drunken poets
 walking the night streets
 singing their songs
 and have felt infinity

have talked past the dawn
 and heard the universe strut outside
 the window
 calling attention to itself

have known images of afterlife
 realized in sober hours
 gone to sleep dreaming beauty in city dumps
 ignoring the red sky at twilight
 have come upon truth
 a broken bottle in many town's gutters

talked with serious old men
 looking for ideals
 and intimations of universal truth
 sacred and profane

have seen change and
 wondered at eternity
 nightly by myself

GERALD MILLER

upon that night
 when the sun burned behind
 the hills
 smoking the sky
 the forest was dark
 green timeless peaks
 arched above the twisted forest floor
 the fallow moon rises
 touching the universe
 yellow fog flows from the moon
 seeking the hollows
 sacred night
 the fog waits
 sliding under
 and caressing the gnarled stumps

GERALD MILLER

That's Weird

Mellow yellow and bright purple green grapes bouncing
 Loud orange, screaming red, cold blue, white daggers
 Jabbing neon green and brilliant pink spheres glowing
 Blinking black and glistening glowing whirling squares
 Twirling with lemon-colored limes and violet vines mashed
 With indigo intertwined with red-orange webs show
 An apocalyptic carousel of combining clashing colors
 Of piercing, slashing, progressing, jumbled needles
 As if in a kaleidoscopic smog LSD or LOVE?

AARD.

Alone

Love was my raison d'être —
 the sunrise
 the sunset
 the stars . . .

You were my love
 Who filled my waking hours.
 Now, alone, my heart beats
 sans raison . . .

LINDA DiMAURO

Kathy's Tune

She fled.
 Fearing the challenge,
 The,
 White-tailed doe,
 Sped to her leafy green sanctuary,
 Ashamed to match,
 Her tawny skin,
 Against
 Your velvet-soft face

HOWARD SOLOMON

On Walking Home

The thin black hand of a branch—
long dead
Beckoned upward from its snowy tomb
The twigs curled in the agony of cold
Pointed to the suppliant orb above
Wreathed fragilely in cotton clouds
Sprinkled with a celestial host of stars
Tempting me for a moment to look beyond
all I saw—
Then the wind blew
and I moved on
And the branch now free
rolled across
my path
Toward its silent rendezvous
with another traveler

WILLIAM NORCROSS

The Wheel

The Wheel spins,
softly throughout,
the universe,
Changing pace for no one.
The spokes silently revolve,
stars,
flickering,
between them.

One star is ours,
And of that star—
one cinder,
And our eons are only,
one,
flicker,
between,
the spokes

Of the Wheel of Time,
Which changes,
for no one.

WILLIAM NORCROSS

Some Excuse, at Least

A siren chases the big red wagon
and everyone hurries to his own fire,
and my House is ablaze and
my house is safe and warm.

Somewhere my life has burned
but it hasn't started,
and the map I'll use to guide
my breath has all roads meeting in an ocean
And my trip is planned and
it is a flipping coin.

He cried when he traced the thin
red line of a routed road
for he was already at his destination,
no further, not even begun, and . . .

His house is ablaze and
no sirens ring; a mind
jumps into the searing air in hopes
of rising into the streaming Gulf
of endless nights and
windblown dreams.

MANDRAKE '69

freedom to flap

wet garments on a clothes-line
red, white, and blue
waving in the wind
flapping like the flag
singing the star-spangled-banner
long and loud . . .

until their owner
took them off the line
carried them inside and
threw them in the laundry-room.

"most unconstitutional"
they muttered as they
were folded and pressed
the next day . . .

LINDA DIMAURO

Awareness

The dim melancholy of half-remembered dreams
 All but dispells in this bursting, bright sun
 And the cool, blue beach breeze.
 The soul-depth would follow the gull's path
 Seaward and be free, but love's grip is
 Deeper than I wanted it to be and
 Blue jeans, carefree memories become now
 Sad, as I look up and know that I am shielding
 Inner thoughts from summer wind's crushing.

LEE MARCH

Okay, you guys—let's pretend!
 We're gonna set-up a battlefield right here
 wit da PX to da left,
 And we'll call dis da demineralized zone—
 which means you guys can't sell lemonade over dere.
 Dis here'll be where Santa Claus will bring da presents—
 but only for a day cause else Sam won't have nobody
 to make silver bullets for.
 You're tired of dis game?
 Well, s'pose we make dis Suzy's Canal, and you stand at
 dis end wit dat air gun,
 and I'll set-up a tinkertoy blockhead down here.
 Tom's just s'pose to sit in da middle and absurd da sidelines
 wit dis here scope.
 It ain't very excitin'?
 —Den we'll play politickin'.
 I'm da great white elephant and
 you're da smart jack ass.
 Tom'll draw hate signs for me and bully signs for you,
 Den we'll champagne to see who
 can be 'sassinated tomorrow.
 What do you mean you don't like champagnin'?
 You guys is always complainin'.
 I'm s'pose to be da leader and you play how I want!
 —Here comes da Good Humor Man!
 Tink we should boycott him?

BARBARA BALD

you say you dream
 of pink polka-dots
 and soft blue lace?
 pray, brother
 this is the day of brass tyger-stripes
 and black leather paws!

BARBARA BALD

Bacci Mia

Delicate hues of pink, blue and maze
 Mingle with blaring shades of red, green and gold—
 Forming patterns of rare splendor
 As multifold and varied as tinted glass chips
 of a kaleidoscope.
 With hollering trumpets and brass cymbals
 crying "Rise up world,"
 Flutes depict graceful forms of frolicking fauns
 While violins muster candlelit images
 of small Italian love-nooks.
 The cold, hollow feeling of a roller coaster's descent
 Stands adjoint a crackling fire's warm sensation
 of security.
 Excitement and anxiety of bounding down an immense,
 blue-green wave
 Neighbor the peace and tranquility of the moon's rays,
 shimmering atop a now gentle ocean,
 Lapping crystalline-white banks.
 —All this hidden in one "I love you."
 —All this unmasked by one tender kiss.

BARBARA BALD

The Lantern

Ursinus College, Collegeville, Pa. 19426

editors: L. Barry Erb
 Thomas Miller

staff:	Barbara Bald	Gerald Miller
	Karen Christ	Sharyn L. Negus
	Lance Diskan	John S. Picconi
	Wendie Eggleston	Linda Richtmyre
	Rose Mary Holliday	Paul L. Sautter
	Susan Kegerise	Vicki Van Horn
	Martin B. Kuntz	Kenneth Yorgey

